The Bystander, August 16, 1916.—No. 663. Vol. LI

The BYSTANDER

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BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

BY THE EDITOR

Habsburg Stock Down Again

ONCE again the air is full of the coming *débâcle* of Austria. Beaten by the Italians on one side, the Russians on another, threatened by the Roumanians on a third side, this war is no place for a respectable Habsburg. Of course, there is always Hindenburg, with his much-advertised magic as a lightning cleanser. In the early days he performed prodigies in getting rid of Russians. To-day, however, the Austrians realise that the Hindenburg treatment was merely temporary, and that the Russian evil seems to be fertilised rather than destroyed by it. At the same time, the Habsburg domestic arrangements are so terribly put about by the introduction of Handy Hindy that unless he really can justify his name, his room is preferable to his company.

"MEAN STREETS" NO LONGER

The Queen visiting Hackney to place flowers before the Rolls of Honour, which show, in each street, the names and number of men contributed by it to the armies of England

Italy a Bitter Pill

OF Austria's various disasters, Gorizia will be the hardest to bear. Austrians have never been under any illusion as to the fighting skill of Russians and Frenchmen, but they have always been pretty confident of their ability to dispose of the Italians. It has always been Austria's hope that some kind of peace or other might be patched up between her and Russia in order that she might be free to teach the "renegade" Latin ex-ally the lesson of her life and recapture Venice and more also. Happily enough, Russia has not seen her way to oblige, and the Russians and Italians, instead, have been co-ordinating with a vengeance. If only Roumania *would* come in just now, and the Allies would move in the Balkans, the ring round the Central Powers might be complete.

Magic Moments—in Dreams

IT may, however, be a twelvemonth at least before that can possibly happen, which prophecy banishes to limbo all talk of an early peace. Personally, I have never seen on what grounds that sort of talk has ever been based. Never on any military view of the situation, certainly. The idea that, at some magic moment, the Huns will collapse and cringe does not occur to me as based on reason, so much as on the pious hopes of pacifism.

The Time for the "Coup de Grâce"

IT would certainly be very nice if the Dragon of militarism suddenly said, "Gentlemen, I'm dead, sure," and rolled over. But a wise and experienced fellow like St. George would choose that moment, of all others, not for sheathing the sword, but for delivering with it his deadliest thrust.

The Dragon Lying Low—

THE Dragon we are dealing with, however, shows not the slightest sign of even "shamming dead." Sometimes he allows it to go forth that he isn't feeling quite at his best. But such remarks are usually the prelude to a particularly savage blow from one of the beast's claws that has hitherto been quiescent.

—But By No Means Dead

NO, the Prussian dragon isn't dead, nor is he even seriously unwell. He has to be killed, in the regulation way, without any aid from himself or from any supernatural agency. Knowing this, as our great and worthy leaders do, why they persist in their promises of "speedy and decisive victory" no plain man knows or guesses. All one can do is to hope that the Allied St. George has discovered an opening to the dragon's heart that has hitherto been concealed.

Who Were the Real Muddlers?

SO three officers have been actually punished as responsible for the Karachi troop train disaster, in which dozens of our soldiers died for the lack of the elementary necessities of life in hot-weather travelling. Actually where these officers were guilty isn't explained, and I find it difficult to believe guilt can really rest on individual officers. It is probably that accursed old rule of thumb again, which will survive in India a generation after the rest of the Universe has been

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded from page 267)

destroyed. The "system" allowed for transport of troops across the plains in *cold* weather: there were no arrangements to deal with the contingency in *hot* weather, and it is highly probable that no human being in the Dependency had the power on his own to buy a single lump of ice or to instal a single punkah in that train of massacre.

⁂ ⁂

Wake Up, India!

It has been probably the same in Mess-o'-potamia. While the rest of the Empire adapted itself to war and learned the lessons of war from day to day, Anglo-India remained Anglo-India. The whole country has its eye now on Mr. Austen Chamberlain. If the Indian authorities are guilty of any more such murderous messes, it will not be enough to cashier a few officers. The people "wanted" will be those who are in the position to put the right men in command out East, with codes of regulations that apply to things as they are in 1916, when H.M. the King-Emperor is at war with the Empires of Germany, Austria and Turkey—not with the Mad Mullah or the Rajah of Bhong.

⁂ ⁂

A Well-kept Secret

Encountering, as I do, most of the rumour-mongers of the town on their daily rounds, I can testify that only a very small percentage of these had got wind of the actual destination of Lord Northcliffe, when his departure for an unknown place was announced in the papers. Some said he had gone to Russia, others to America, and yet others thought he might be about to take a run, disguised, on the "Balkan Zug," which so attracted him some months ago. When he wrote from captured Gorizia, people were surprised and thrilled quite a little. It was a happy inspiration of his to give the Italian front a chance at such an auspicious moment, and he is not the less to be congratulated on the success with which the secret of his destination—and of Italy's plans—was kept.

⁂ ⁂

A Gastric Record

He has, furthermore, achieved a gastric record; the first British journalist to eat a meal in an enemy restaurant in an enemy city! I hope he brought away no indigestion and lots of spoons and mugs.

LIEUT. GEORGE WEIL

The only (known) Member of the Reichstag now in London. Elected for Metz in 1911, he, being an Alsatian, crossed the frontier and joined the French Army when the war broke out. He is under sentence of death, but this does not seem to affect his spirits. He has been touring England, visiting munition works, and telling the workers what is in the minds of their brothers in France

⁂ ⁂

Belated Praise

"The War's Greatest Humorist" is the title bestowed upon Captain Bairnsfather by the *Weekly Dispatch*, in the second interview published with the author of "Fragments from France." We are glad some of the London newspapers are beginning to think what the public thought yesterday, and The Bystander the day before. It is hopeful for the best. Fleet Street may one of these days positively *wake up*.

⁂ ⁂

"Too Late!"

Had it been as alive as it is supposed to be to novelty and rising talent, the London Press had opportunities of saying a good word for the soldier-artist at least as long ago as last February, when "Fragments" Volume I. saw the light, and was faithfully sent out for review to all the papers.

⁂ ⁂

First Catch Your Kaiser

What is to be said of the "celebrities" who busy themselves discussing the topic "Shall We Hang the Kaiser?" I wonder if in any other country of the world, allied, enemy, or neutral such exhibitions of childish imbecility are made? Owing to his admirable railway facilities behind the front, the chance of capturing the Kaiser on the battlefield is remote. He does not ride at the head of his troops as did Napoleon, and wisely keeps well out of the firing-line. If an aeroplane were to drop and pick him up and bring him back here then would be the time for busy-bodies to discuss precisely what form of death he should be put to. But to raise the topic when between us and the All-Highest is entrenched the flower of the German armies, as yet unbeaten, is against sporting traditions. It is not English to discuss what you will do with a quarry you are not even on the scent of.

⁂ ⁂

Informing the Enemy Again

If the Censorship really exists to prevent information reaching the enemy, it might, with advantage, turn its attention to the publication of reports that the German soldier exhibits an ever-increasing desire to surrender. It is hardly encouraging the others to shout this news from the housetops and into the ears of the German General Staff.

⁂ ⁂

Perish the Thought!

Is the Government aware that one of the results of its drastic restriction of petrol for private cars will be the ruin of the British horse-breeding industry? Now that race trains are taboo the bookmaker can only reach the racecourse by car, and one does not need to be a wizard, from Wales or elsewhere, to know that without the bookmaker racing will die of inanition, and then whence shall we get our chargers? To say the same places we are getting them from now would be banal; when, as every schoolboy knows, the Battle of Omdurman—or was it Blenheim?—was won in the five-shilling ring at Kempton Park.

The Limit in "Dug-Outs"

TOMMY: "'Ere, I say, Alf! I arsk yer!—'Oo's bin an' let loose that wretched old 'umbug on us?—an' while we're a doin' of this job too! Why, the very sight of 'im makes me sick!"

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE"

LONDON, *August* 14, 1916.

DEAR COUSIN—

WE'RE having some quite busy dog-days really in England, now, apart from the war. Parliament goes off on its holidays this week, and, I'm told, feels it's earned them, what with all those Irish debates and an all-night sitting, and the Mesopotamian mysteries, and pushing on the War Pensions business, and some real hard goading at the Government to make it appoint commissions and things.

⁂ ⁂

OF course, no one took very seriously the P.M.'s chilly hint that he might possibly not be there to carry on the War next Session. For one thing, you see, he's said that sort of thing before. Also, it was right in the middle of our one ewe heat wave. And in dusty Westminster instead of up the river or at North Berwick or somewhere he, no doubt, felt fractious and snappy. Self-sacrifice does rather have that effect, doesn't it, like early-rising and other uncomfortable virtues? I believe, though, it did give some of the Twenty-Three a rather nasty shock. Nobody else showed any signs of terror or dismay.

⁂ ⁂

APROPOS of the holidays, they say just as many cars as ever bowled along the Bath and Portsmouth Roads last Sunday—people using up the petrol they had over, I suppose. And some people are wondering how M.P.'s and Ministers are going off for their holidays this week. Which reminds me I discovered just one little way to make the petrol go while I was staying at a house on the river the other day.

⁂ ⁂

AN aeroplane alighted in a field near by, and fearing an accident or something we hied us to the scene. But soon retired again. The officers on board had merely sought a secluded spot to meet two young women who awaited them there. And very good taste they showed, I must confess. But whether the P.C.B. would have thought even those bits of fluff worth quite all that spirit. . . !

⁂ ⁂

I SUPPOSE, though, people'll have to get up north somehow to shoot the grouse, and all that, and as one of the Best Ones said the other day, "Surely they don't expect *me* to travel in a train, and, anyway, I'm not going to"—with the really rich, you know, war economy's a *very* comparative business. They say grouse prospects are poor, by the way, so perhaps it won't matter—the shortage of shooters. All the same, I hear of some strenuous getting-up of house-parties.

"A secluded spot to meet the young women"

⁂ ⁂

BY the way, this war has turned out quite a good thing for the English cure-places. Homburg and Aix and the rest all being off the list, we've scored, and all the over-feds in Mayfair seem to be at Buxton or Droitwich or Harrogate, or somewhere. And I suppose the war's done good to the seaside places also. Anyway, they're full to overflowing, as I've told you, and piteous tales keep reaching me all about ghastly journeys in first-class carriages with twelve people a side, nineteen babies, and no luncheon-car.

"All the optimistically inclined have broken out worse than ever"

⁂ ⁂

REMINDS me, those who remain at home in London now are a little torn and tried, I'm told, by the great poster competition. On the one hand the famous Haig mandate, "Postpone Your Holidays." On the other, the last efforts of the poster artists in those enticing country pictures—you know, all bright sunshine and blue sea, golden sands, green fields, pink children, brown fathers and pride-exhibiting mothers.

⁂ ⁂

NOT spoilt, either, for all of us, of course, by the thought of all the heat and horror on most of our many fronts just now, where at 100 degrees in the shade and thereabouts life's one long weary round of trying to keep passably cool and never, never succeeding. Good thing, isn't it? Excess of

(*Continued on page 272*)

Last Week's Society War-Wedding

The wedding of the Hon. Arthur Mills, M.P., only son of Lord Hillingdon, to the Hon. Edith Cadogan, second daughter of Lady Meux and the late Viscount Chelsea, was solemnised at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, on August 8, in the presence of Queen Alexandra and a large concourse of the friends of a very popular bride and bridegroom

imagination, or even any at all, is a very doubtful possession in war-time.

⁂ ⁂

By the way, I wish I could show to some of those very far-off "cousins" who from the ends of the earth have sent me money to buy "something that'll give some poor soldier chap a moment's pleasure" some of the letters I've received thanking me for what I did send. As it mostly came from hot countries I spent it on parcels for men also in them, specially those poor unacclimatised ones, who, in Mesopotamia and places, have suffered so terribly from the awful unaccustomed heat.

⁂ ⁂

What they most appreciated, I think, were the "Refreshers," or "Dry Drinks," and also the Chewing Gum. We here in England don't know what thirst is, of course. Out on some of our fronts it's a never-ceasing torment, and one man wrote: "To have thought of just that one thing—you must be an angel!" Wonderful while they're doing *everything* for us how touchingly grateful they are for the poor little things we do for them.

⁂ ⁂

By the way, looks like the Nearer East being in the movement again very soon, doesn't it, though I do still get letters saying, "Can't you make 'em fetch me out of this, Blanche, 'cos there simply isn't a ghost of a chance of even the mildest scrap!" And some people think it mightn't be the worst calamity if there were a few hard knocks going on in one or two places just now just to remind us that the Big Push hasn't *quite* won the war, not yet.

⁂ ⁂

For, of course, since Ministers and people told us the other day that now the tide had turned, and now victory to our arms was certain, all the optimistically inclined have broken out again worse than ever. The war's to be over by Christmas, of *course*. And not only over, but well over, with Germany crushed to atoms and not a kick left in her. But the last one I met refused to bet me a fiver on it. He'd already lost one, you see, on the war being over last March!

⁂ ⁂

She doesn't say so, but I think it must be a woman who writes to tell me that my "bright letter" would be much more appreciated by the young men in France if I refrained from light remarks about "sloshing Huns," etc. According to an (American) Archbishop, this is mere "blood-lust and barbarism of the jungle, deeply regretted by those deserving of the name of men who at least love and admire the quality of mercy and the sacredness of life and limb, which women as a whole represent, and which we hope to retain. But you *may* be a man?"

"There's going to be only one new fashion and that's pockets"

I wish I *were!* Then I could slosh—I mean—oh, dear, that's mere barbarism, etc., isn't it? But how nice to be able to keep so cool and to talk, in such a war and against such an enemy, of the quality of *mercy!* Can she, like the Archbishop, be an American? Has she never heard of Ruhleben? Why, we haven't started on *vengeance* yet. . . .

⁂ ⁂

No one hates war more than I do, but there's such a thing as being altogether *too* "womanly," isn't there? and I think I prefer the spirit of the English girl who, writing to tell me of the death in action of one brave and charming boy, says "It's splendid to hear such good news from the Front, but, oh! at what a cost. What a pity girls can't fight, too! What a lot of unwanted girls there will be after the war." I don't think there'll ever be many of *that* kind "unwanted," do you?

⁂ ⁂

Which reminds me that the sailorman poet, whose verses on me I sent to you (in parts), writes to say that he doesn't at all agree with me about the Muse going off colour when the bard's proposing to a girl he has never seen. "It wasn't a proposal I made you, Blanche. It was a threat.

⁂ ⁂

"Any sailor would scorn to propose by letter—that is as unsatisfactory as kissing a girl over the telephone. We have enough of long-range bombardment in our job, so when on leave it is 'Close quarters and board.' And you accuse us of knowing too much. But do we, Blanche, 'cos you know our opportunities are very few and far between. Anyway, *I* don't think we really know very much, only we are very apt pupils, and, perhaps, some day, you will give your grateful bard and slave a lesson, what?"

⁂ ⁂

To which I can only reply, as I've replied before, that I can't teach a sailor anything. Why, even midshipmen "learn" me things, don't they? Don't you remember the priceless one who requested me to refrain from "meaningless phrases that conveyed an absurd and fatuous impression of the young naval officer"? However, of course I wouldn't mind *trying*.

⁂ ⁂

Summer having arrived we're wearing winter hats—black velvet "Tams." Do you like it in the picture? And they say there's only going to be one new fashion this autumn, and that's—pockets. For a long time, of course, you might as well have been dead as not well pocketed. But, apparently, we're going to put the lid on it.

With love, yours ever,

Blanche

1914—1916

THE MOST HIGH STRAFER

Somme's Cool and Crystal Stream

This baker's dozen of Tommies are enjoying to the full a refreshing dip after the mud, or dust or, in any case, grime, of their trench warfare. Even a little way behind the lines this hot weather has witnessed many such scenes as this. No wonder they smile—and keep smiling!

War—and Its Side-Shows

CONTRASTS THAT APPAL

ENGLAND may take the war seriously, but not London—oh, dear no! The Empire is in the death-grips, but its heartless and perverse Capital still trips waywardly pleasure-bent, puffed up with false pride and sighing with equally false sentiment between drinks and dances. Restaurants and theatres are full to suffocation with fashion crowds. Jaunty, feckless, finnicking, silly women are everywhere. *Modistes* cannot keep pace with their exactions. Yet we are at war; a page of casualty lists every day. Breathless heroism at the front and disgusting selfishness at home.

THE same in the East End—it ever aped the West. Picture palaces in Whitechapel, gin palaces in the Mile End Road. Suburbia, too, is still gushing. When is Conscription for women coming? When shall the baser kind be driven to munition factories to share the burden beneath which their finer and absolutely splendid sisters are bowed? Really women seem to be all-selfish or all-sacrificing. They are either too splendid for even veneration or too contemptible for loathing. There are more slackers among women to-day than ever there were among men.

I GAVE lunch to a General yesterday who holds a high administrative post at home. He has not had a single day's rest, not even a Sunday, since the war broke out. At the next table a sturdy, rich, lazy fellow of fifty was damning everyone for a refusal of petrol for his car. "What is a fellow to do if he cannot run about?" he demanded. The General leant forward. "Why not try your hand at making munitions, sir!" The waitress withdrew in haste.

THE front at Brighton is a human kaleidoscope. One finds little bits of all the world. On the chairs are long rows of broken Tommies—the vast majority of whom have lost one limb at least. And they sit there in the sun gazing into the blue eye of the sea, wondering, one may be sure of it, what fate the long years will have for them. And in front of them there is an endless stream of gaudily dressed, loud-voiced creatures—the seaside horror at her very worst ——! It was for *them* that they suffered. It is for *them* that they must face a half-life till the end!

A GREAT strong woman, superbly gowned, is collecting pennies on the steps of a fashionable hotel. She specialises in the menfolk, and challenges them with a cheery familiarity. "I'm working hard, as usual, you see," she insists by way of introduction. Why does she not sell her dress for the charity and do *real* work in a factory?

BUT the social redemption and disciplining of woman is woman's work. Let the fine women, of whom, thank God, there is a multitude, take the others in hand. They may invoke Parliament for compulsory powers. Nothing less will suffice. For the honour of their sex they should not delay. The matter is a high scandal: flag days have at least done a service in flinging limelight on the strapping slackers.

LEAKAGE in power is manifest elsewhere. Among men there are some of great constructive ability, who greatly, I doubt not against their will, have been denied scope for their administrative energy. Can the Government really find no work for Mr. Churchill, for instance. The man who played a supreme part in vitalising the Fleet and in saving our shores, can we *afford* to be without his driving power?

ANOTHER name that will occur to thousands is that of Lord Milner. Nowadays he may not be the man of action that he was in younger years, but he has an instinct for shrewd judgment. Why is he "outed"? Then there is another whose continued unemployment is not merely an outrage, but an Empire crime. In Major-General Long we have the priceless gift of organising genius, which is lamentably rare among our people. General Long's superb work in organising the supply and transport of our great armies is the wonder not only of the military leaders of the world, but also of that small and select group of great men who have achieved great things. Yet weeks go by, and no new post is announced for a man for whom Germany would exchange whole Army Corps.

IT seems to me that the Government are afraid of single men of supreme ability. They prefer big committees of the more or less incompetent. Unwilling to take decisions themselves, they have no confidence in men who would certainly do so. A striking illustration of this costly evasion is found in their attitude with regard to charity funds. Months have passed since THE BYSTANDER advocated the stern control of these huge funds by the State. A deputation waited on Mr. Samuel, the Home Secretary, headed by the Duke of Norfolk. Mr. Samuel was brilliantly acrobatic in discovering difficulties. Yet now after all this delay an Act is to be passed on the very lines which THE BYSTANDER advocated months and months ago.

JUST now we are being swept by a very tornado of inspired optimism. There could be nothing more disarming to efficiency or more demoralising to resolve. "Everything will come right in the end," was the Government's soothing catchword until yesterday. To-day it is "Everything is *right now!*" This flings before us the most piteous contrast of all. The turn in the tide on the battlefields has only been achieved by the very qualities of decision and sacrifice which are so deplorably lacking in so many quarters at home. The flag-sellers have not hurled the Germans back. Timid Ministers have not rushed the trenches; egregious committees have not broken the lines. This superb work has been done by men who never faltered and who gave their utmost. Do the same at home and do it now!

"FOR'ARD ON"

To-Day's Gossip

With apologies to THE LONDONER *in the "Evening News"*

THEY have not shut all the places of entertainment in London. The Tower, for instance, is still open to the brave lads in the blue dungaree trousers. It was because I saw them going into the Tower without let or hindrance that I knew it was open, and went in myself.

❊ ❊

I HAD been to the Tower many times as a boy. Yet when I found myself there again I felt the same pleasant sense of wonder, the same feeling of having been there before. On my right as I enter is the ancient refreshment room which is said to bring such a keen feeling of disappointment to those who see it for the first time. If I were an architect I should know what to say about this structure. As a mere layman I say what I think is appropriate and pass on. It is an old story, and whoever did it has long since passed away. God rest his soul!

❊ ❊

IN the Tower I walk like a gaping schoolboy. I see, as I saw half a century ago, the same old raven, sleek and fat as he was then. Vaguely he reminds me of Barnaby Rudge. I half expect to hear him croak that he *is* a raven. I have forgotten for the moment what is your naturalist's name for the raven, or how near of kin he may be to the crow. I do know, however, that it is unlucky to see two ravens before twelve noon on a Friday. A wise woman once told me this, and I know it to be true. I once saw two ravens at the time stated, and a week after my watch was stolen in a crowd.

PAST the Byward Tower I go with my friends in the blue dungaree trousers. I hear one of them asking of a Beefeater with peculiar relish the way to the Bloody Tower. The name puzzles our brave lads sorely, for they had already bestowed it on the entire edifice. The Bloody Tower reminds me strangely of "The Babes in the Wood." There is the same old wicked uncle in the story and the two innocent children. And it pleases me to think that perhaps my friend the raven acted the part of the sparrows—or was it robins? These things happened so long ago.

❊ ❊

THE Bloody Tower was not always called by this sanguinary name. It was once the "Garden Tower." And it is "only since the reign of Elizabeth that it has been called the Bloody Tower." I quote from the guide-book. I like that "only." It gives me a sense of respectable antiquity. Some day I will lure an American friend to the Tower and quote that sentence to him. I hope he will be duly impressed and not merely ejaculate "Some Tower!"

❊ ❊

SO we go on, I and my dungaree-trousered friends, one of whom, greatly daring, has addressed a giant Beefeater as "Mate!" What brave fellows they are! I, a mere journalist, not without a certain courage in addressing Bishops, and even Cabinet Ministers, quail and drop my eyes when passing one of these resplendent creatures. If I had space——.
[You haven't.—ED.] W. HODGSON BURNET

A SOUND SENTIMENT

NERVOUS SUB.: "Gentlemen, I have to propose our Colonel's health—and—er—I would like to embrace the Colonel's wife!"

At the Base

SOLDIERS, SAILORS, SCHOOL-BOYS, SISTERS, ALL IN SILHOUETTE

——— is just now a curious mixture of English and French, of seriousness and gaiety. The newly-arrived officer meets the tired Tommy returning on leave, the smart French ladies, curious garbed fishwives, priests and short-socked school-boys, whilst everywhere is a sprinkling of French sailors and soldiers. V.A.D. nurses and sisters, tabbed staff officers and R.A.M.C. flourish and abound. The military landing officer, in the latest stock and spurs, discusses the latest news of the war brought from England by the Draft-conducting major. Transport ship meets hospital ship: the English terrier turns up his nose at the curiously harnessed French dog: but the Entente prevails everywhere

Should Banns Be Banned?

A WAR-VIEW OF WAR-MARRIAGES

SIR, TO YOU—

FORWARDED, suggestion, one: "That a National Society for the Control of War Marriages be called into being without delay."

Au grand sérieux. Hast noticed all the soft stuff written daily of "our new era of romance," of the "rosy rapture" and "blessed bliss" of *mariage à la mode*, the happy influence of the great war in bringing young dreams, and other things, to fruition? And all the rest of the nauseous trash? Why, instead of blindly encouraging these abnormal leave spasms, public opinion should be putting the brake on, hard.

❋ ❋

FAR be it from us to crab *all* war marriages. Despite the necessary hysteria of their origin, many should never be regretted. The war, for instance, has broken down all sorts of barriers which otherwise would never have been broken and united twin souls; take again the numerous instances of men marrying damsels they have known of old, or the case of the man who will be able to support his wife in ease and security when he comes home. But are these the majority?

❋ ❋

LET us analyse the W.M., cause and effect.

A.D. 1914.—Youth, one, £60 p.a. Regular hours, regular meals. Amusements: Golder's Green tennis, Golder's Green Empire. Nice boy, still fond of his sisters, not other people's. Knowledge of world: *Nil.*

A.D. 1916.—Tempy Second Lieut., one, £150 p.a. Persistent bank balance of £50 due to inability to spend money. From educated office boy has leapt at bound into shoes of, and assumed outward dignity of, man who hunted four days a week all his life, and whose school of life was the Regular Mess (the finest schooling of all in the fair sex).

❋ ❋

WHAT happens? Take the lamentable case of "Mumps," only one of the thousand who is being flattered and cajoled into making a dam fool of himself before his time. For the first six months, while the battalion is learning to put one foot before the other, in a little Dorset town, he has all his time cut out learning his job and assimilating the lesser, and more conspicuous, characteristics of the officer, however tempy. The daily contact with a score of new companions, his mind naturally opens . . . he may even have run up to town for a week-end, who knows! But he is the very junior sub. still, when he comes out after Loos. From the beginning our hero displays distressing symptoms. He discovers a dull and aching void. He cannot compete with those mess tales of a bygone day, of wonderful little things all fluff and kisses, of conquests tempy and permanent. Then there is the matter of H.M. mail. To some come crackling, kissable "just-a-suggestion-of-violet" envelopes, plus the contents, reducing the recipient to a strange and ominous silence. *He* gets only "family stuff"—welcome, aye, a thousand times, but still . . . something missing.

THERE you have the germ. Soon it takes root and expands. "Mumps" gets broody-like. He will have a girl, too. "I'm due for leave next week," thinks he. "Besides, what chance has a fellow of getting through this business?" Get his mentality in approaching heaven-sent matrimony?

He's home now—out to meet and marry something, somehow. "Home on leave"—what a wonderful superman sensation for the uninitiated. Fifty of the best at Cox's! Makes him think he's a millionaire! Makes the girl thinks so too, 'cause fifty pounds spreads out uncommon well over five days. Restaurants, theatres, hats, and chocolates, and blouses, salutes galore, the glamour of it all—and Golder's Green in the small hours only. Way, the war's worth it! So works the germ. Where did he meet her? Heaven knows! Who is she? Heaven knows! Who are her people? Heaven won't split.

❋ ❋

OF course he hasn't stopped to think that she may conceivably be out for his pension, that, *minus* his uniform, she wouldn't have even turned round, that for months and months she's been aching to be able to say, "Jack's at Ypres! Jack's at Ypres!" . . . isn't there just a suggestion here of the sentiment that stirred the women of Pompeii to cheer on their gladiators? . . . perhaps not!

❋ ❋

ANYHOW, here's the awakening, in our way of thinking. The W.M. carries with it a surfeit of while-you-wait romance, plenty of money, and a possible pension, an absolute release from domestic cares, a hero-husband—and a honeymoon every few months. The mentality of the contracting parties is no more abnormal than the immediate married life that follows. Yet think of the return to the *status quo ante* and all it will entail to many a war-mad couple. The clashing of temperaments in earnest for the first time. Our hero's discovery in the first flush of youth that he's paired himself off for *the* duration with a girl that he'd never have thought twice of normally. And the girl. Don't forget her. Her hero in tweeds, all dressed up and no place to go, then the sickly city job at £120 p.a., the suburban retreat, the peace baby—ugh—haunting, fatal memories of A.D. 1916, and—oh, well, that's about enough to nail our point. Otherwise we might be called a pessimist.

❋ ❋

SO it will be with thousands who return from "the great adventure." The average subaltern could get married any day twenty times between Victoria and Piccadilly, and, unfortunately, to a large extent, he's doing so. With none to say him nay. What are Bishops or the birth-rate as opposed to the known workings of human nature. What's the use of 300,000 war babies in England if half of them never know their fathers, be it through death or separation? It's a deep subject. Think it over, Mr. Editor.

MORE "FRAGMENTS FROM FRANCE"

Coming to the Point

PASSED BY CENSOR

"Let's 'ave this pin of yours a minute. I'll soon 'ave these winkles out of 'ere"

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

The Bystander in Paris

DINNER AND ATMOSPHERE

OF course, you remember Alice's meeting with the White Rabbit when he returned along the tunnel splendidly dressed for the Duchess's party with a pair of white kid gloves in one hand and a large fan in the other? Well, when you go to the Parc Montsouris, the best way to get there is to do as the rabbit did—dive down a hole (they call it the Metro), and scurry away into the darkness as fast as you can. Because the Parc Montsouris is one of those places in Paris which nobody knows except one or two friends of mine who like "atmosphere" and recognise it when they find it, and a few hundred thousand people whom nobody knows at all, and to whom the Parc Montsouris is a Bois de Boulogne with a touch of romance and the Pré Catelan thrown in.

❋

IN other words, the Parc Montsouris, with its pretty little observatory perched like a mediæval Moorish castle on a hill-top in the middle of it, is a big and beautiful artificial garden of about forty acres. It isn't fashionable, because fashion has few votaries way out on the southern side of Paris, and I don't suppose that one in five hundred of the people who frequent it know that the little observatory is an exact reproduction of the Bardo. And *I* didn't know what the Bardo was till Monsieur Xavier told me that it was "the Palace of the Bey of Tunis, *parbleu!*" Besides, I was much too interested in the view, which is a very gorgeous one, and in old Xavier himself, to care about the fact that the Parc dates from 1878 and belongs to the City of Paris. I was much more interested in the lake, the cascade, the exotic ducks and other waterfowl, and in the curious fact that here, plunk in the middle of a network of sordid streets, is a beautiful little oasis of sunshiny peace, in which you feel that Paris, war, and strenuous life are miles and miles away, and this although munition work and hospitals and factories and oily, squeaky, coal-dusty utilitarianism are all around you.

THE Parc Montsouris might be in a suburb of Nice or Mentone, or somewhere right out of the hubbub of war. It is a place to take a favourite book to. One of those books which is as much a part of your life and as much a companion as your dog. One of those books which opens of itself at your favourite bits, which you absorb rather than read because you know it so well already, which you like to have open on your knee to wag its tail at you while you drone in the sunshine and dream. Oh, yes, I know that I am getting the dog and the book metaphors mixed up, but what matters terminological exactitude? I am trying to describe a frame of mind.

❋

IF you want excitement in the Parc Montsouris, there is Verdun. I have not been there for a week or two, so I daresay that Verdun is Pozières just now, and, anyhow, mere grown-ups without any poetry in their composition would say that it is only the band-stand. There is no music in the park at present, because it's war-time, so the children make a fortress of the

"It is a place to take a favourite book to"

bandstand and attack it and defend it, and shell it, and bomb it with hand-grenades till they frighten the ducks, and the park-keeper interferes. Not that the park-keeper is

"Xavier tells you behind his hand of his Folkestone adventures"

at all unkind, because he's an old soldier who fought the Germans in 1870, and occasionally unbends and allows the digging of trenches in the loose soil round the flower-beds.

❀

And there are Xavier and his restaurant. Xavier is much more interesting than the Bardo. He is a fierce little man with a sallow face, who looks like a Moorish sheikh himself, though he wears the white dress of a *chef*. And a *chef* he is, a *maître-queux*, a wonderful cook with a dash of the adventurer of olden times about him. He reminds me of various people in old fiction. He is a mixture of Barlasch of the Guard, and Casimir of the Maison Dorée, Commodore Trunnion, and other friends of my youth.

❀

And his adventures in Folkestone on the one occasion when he went to England are an epic, which cannot always be related in the presence of ladies. Let Xavier but know that you are a friend of any friend of his, that you are a travelled Englishman who has been to Folkestone—not one of those fool Englishmen who feed themselves as though they were stoking an oven—a Xavier phrase, this. Insinuate that you have heard of his cellar, let him gather that you know the difference between sauce and sauce, and do not like your green peas "cooked in raw water with the pepper-pot spilt over them."

❀

Give Xavier, in fact, such encouragement as a French cook and an artist should be given. Tell him the condition of your appetite and leave the *menu* to him, and he will serve you such a dinner as you shall not get at the Carlton in London or at the Hôtel de Paris in Monte Carlo, at a price which is negligible, and which would barely cover the waiter's tip at Monte Carlo or in the Haymarket.

❀

And you will not be served by assistant-waiters of doubtful linen, and even more doubtful nationality. Xavier himself, a harmony in bronze and black and white, will superintend your comfort, and the smaller details of your meal will be watched over by a sweet-faced, sad-eyed lady *dont le mari a été tué à la guerre*. She has a way of passing you *hors d'œuvres* as though your comfort were as dear to her as if you were her husband's comrade, and her coffee—ah! Her coffee must be tasted to be believed in.

❀

While you are sipping it, Xavier materialises with a well-worn bottle of brandy which is really old, and if you be a friend of his he brings an extra glass *pour trinquer aux alliés*. And you sit on the wooden verandah overlooking the velvety silence of the sleeping park, and Xavier tells you behind his hand of his Folkestone adventures, and the silence grows deep as the summer evening's pearly grey melts into velvet black, and you forget that Paris is all round you, and wonder why you do not hear the nightingale.

I don't want to be dithyrambic. Besides, somebody has made a plunge at the funny little green-painted piano in the room behind us. Lovers come strolling up out of the darkness, *chacun* with his *chacune*. A valse? Of course one doesn't dance—*c'est la guerre*. But "*puisqu'on est en famille tout de même*," cries Xavier, and sets the ball rolling by dancing (dancing very well, too) with the wife of a well-known Paris journalist, who is a very clever journalist herself. And the next minute we are all dancing. And presently Xavier has produced a bottle sheathed in silver foil, and the shallow goblets sacred to festal occasions, and we are drinking to him and the house in the *tisane de la maison*. And Xavier has thought of a cab for us, and we all shake hands heartily and plunge into reality again.

❀

I don't want to be dithyrambic, but there's nothing just like this unexplored corner of Paris elsewhere in my experience.

John N. Raphael

"Xavier produced a bottle"

The Ménage of O

Photograph

The newest photograph, full of tender and homelike charm, of the Countess of Lytton and her four children—Edward Viscount Knebworth, Margaret, Katharine, and Alexander. Inset is a portrait of the Earl of Lytton, the newest Civil Lord of the Admiralty. He and his

Photograph

ur Latest Minister

Rita Martin

wife are both patrons of the Arts and of all forms of culture, and their children all show in their faces evidence of their descent from their great-grandfather and grandfather, both poets and both statesmen

Moyse

"By Any Other Name"

BY "EFEMERA."
Illustrated by Hill Clarke

"Influenza dismissed by your doctor as a cold in the head"

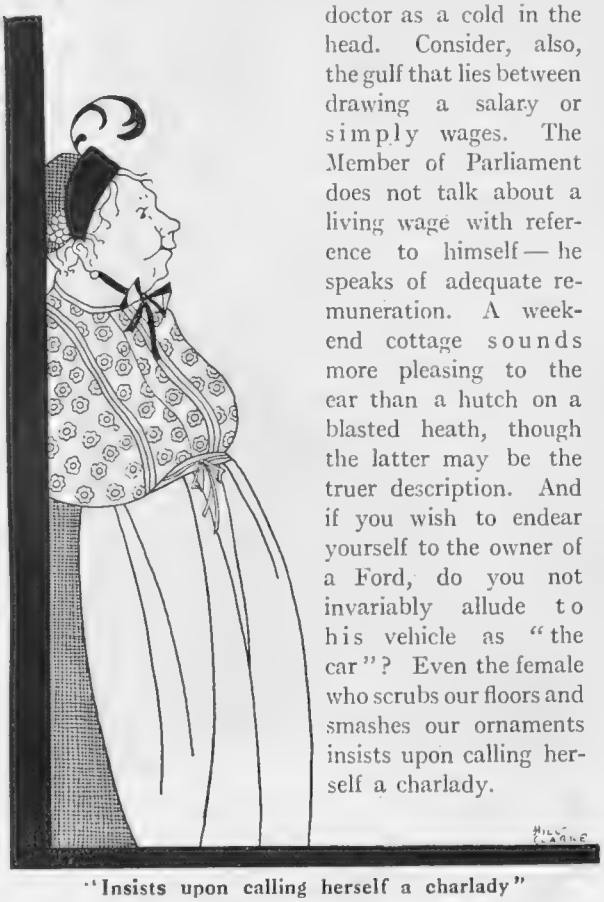
Shakespeare's Rose

THERE is a widespread delusion, originated, I regret to say, by Shakespeare—who ought to have known better—that nothing matters so little as a name. A rose, of course, would smell as sweet if it were labelled garlic, but a good many people would entertain legitimate doubts. In fact, they would gradually persuade themselves that roses had a garlicky flavour. There is undeniable magic in names, either from association or the mere sound of them, as you will see if you stop to think about it.

❀ ❀

A Question of Dignity

CONSIDER, for instance, the difference to your self-importance when you dignify your ailment by calling it influenza or hear it lightly dismissed by your doctor as a cold in the head. Consider, also, the gulf that lies between drawing a salary or simply wages. The Member of Parliament does not talk about a living wage with reference to himself—he speaks of adequate remuneration. A week-end cottage sounds more pleasing to the ear than a hutch on a blasted heath, though the latter may be the truer description. And if you wish to endear yourself to the owner of a Ford, do you not invariably allude to his vehicle as "the car"? Even the female who scrubs our floors and smashes our ornaments insists upon calling herself a charlady.



"Insists upon calling herself a charlady"

A Slight Difference

RUDYARD KIPLING was right when he made Kim say that by the naming of names many good plans are brought to confusion. You cannot call your acquaintance, engaged in promoting companies, a tout and expect friendship to survive, neither can you apply the proper epithet to the would-be drawing-room entertainer and keep your popularity. Take, for example, the average amateur musician, particularly the singer of ballads. Supposing that instead of the usual compliments after a performance and the request for an encore you said: "Murderer! I have faced the music once, but never again . . ." what do you suppose would happen? There is a difference between facing music and listening to it—the only point of resemblance is that one may require even more courage than the other. Again, you would hardly speak to a woman of her brat, and yet brat is quite as agreeable a word as babe.

❀ ❀

The Political World

I SUPPOSE, when it comes to public life, the charm of a name is largely due to association. Lord George Sanger is quite as high-sounding an appellation as David Lloyd George, but the impression conveyed is, of course, very different; anyone, I should think, will admit that. But can you imagine Disraeli attaining to the dignity of Lord Beaconsfield if he had started his political life as Ikey Einstein? And supposing Mr. Asquith were to answer to the name of Jim Higgs, would he be Prime Minister? Hun is a name of horror, but in itself not so explosive as bun, yet no sane man would call the Germans "buns"—perhaps the association with Bath is too close in connection with a nation not over-fond of ablutions. Emperor is a mild title compared with Kaiser. Again, foe has a noble sound. I do not recall seeing it applied to our enemy the Boche, even in official despatches.

❀ ❀

The Operatic Star

IN other spheres, particularly the operatic stage, names are things to conjure with, or why should Susie Stringer, the aspiring dramatic soprano, call herself Solara Stringhetti or something similar? It is true that this prejudice is wearing down and English singers show a tendency to appear under their own uncompromising names, but that does not alter the fact that anyone starting with a good, appropriate name enjoys an appreciable advantage. Jane Smith is certainly not in the same street as Madame Oklahoma.

❀ ❀

The Responsibility of Parents—

IT only goes to show the responsibility of parents. Whose fault but theirs if a wretched woman without a look to bless herself with is obliged to go through life

(Continued on page 286)

"In the Way He Should Go"

PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG ENGLISHMAN HAVING HIS "MORNING HATE"

"BY ANY OTHER NAME" (concluded from page 284)

as Bella? If a shy young thing, owing to mamma's mistaken enthusiasm for Roman history, answers to the name of Messalina? Now, Messalina is a pretty name, and a euphonious one, but it does not exactly convey the impression of innocent girlhood. Then you get the most abandoned minxes flying such false colours as Phœbe, Prudence, and heaven knows what. Some names have a most unfortunate effect on their owners; they seem to act as a sort of blight. Cuthbert marks the most naturally militant youth for the first available curacy; he simply cannot escape it. Algernon is nearly as bad—who would take an Algernon seriously, however passionate his proposal? Of course, Algy is a distinct mitigation, but still——.

"Without a look to bless herself"

❀ ❀

—And Sponsors

Sponsors in baptism should take earnest thought and endeavour to ascertain the character of a godchild before saddling it with a name that may handicap the wretched infant for the rest of its life. Sally, for instance, should only be given to a girl who promises to be sprightly and something of a wit, and Ruth to one of a determined and clinging nature. Naturally it is difficult to make sure of these things in early infancy, but a disposition to tweak such tempting objects as moustaches and ringlets can be taken to indicate a possible Sally, while the other kind of baby is easily recognisable even by a novice.

❀ ❀

Parental Cruelty

On the whole it is safer to stick to the classic stand-by such as Mary or John. Any hankering after fancy names should be sternly repressed. Think of the unhappy Ethelredas, Rosalbas, and Dowsibellas, whose lives have been made a burden to them simply because no one had the sense to give them a good plain name to match their faces. Some people, too, have a mania for commemorating events in the names of their children; but persons thus named might as well carry a birth-certificate round their necks for any chance they will ever have of concealing their ages. Think of the Jubilee Victorias; and I hear that babies are being christened Ypres, Przemysl, also, I suppose, Verdun. If you must give way to a romantic leaning of the sort, it is only fair to provide a child with a string of different kinds of names, from which he or she can afterwards choose the one most suitable.

"Cuthbert"

What Might Have Been

Considerable responsibility attaches to novelists: the name of a favourite hero or heroine of fiction is apt to influence choice. Authors should take note and refrain from calling a particularly delectable heroine Kerenhappuch or something equally fantastic. Apropos of this, one wonders what the history of the world in general and literature in particular would have been had certain personages been differently named. Suppose, for instance, that Lucifer had been called Job. . . . Do you suppose so many angels would have followed him to his downfall and theirs? Suppose, also, that the typical sentimental pair had been christened James and Jerusha instead of Edwin and Angelina: would Victorian sentimentality have stood the shock? Fancy murmuring "Jerusha, darling," in impassioned tones by moonlight! Darby and Joan, too; would Jim and Millie excite the same affectionate reverence? And if John Peel had been called Bill Sykes. . . .! But imagination recoils.

"Darby and Joan, too"

Efemera

Delicate and Dainty

Photograph *Rita Martin*

MISS WINIFRED BARNES

In the Play—that's come to stay—"The Happy Day"

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

"The Sister-in-Law" at Wyndham's

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

THE idea of this play seems to be that sisters-in-law are undesirable relatives, anyway. The first one that is brought to our notice is Dorothy Marston, whose sister Nellie married Mr. Bawtrey, described as a dramatic author. Dorothy was present at the wedding of the young couple. She was waiting on the doorstep of their flat when they returned from their honeymoon, and she has lived with them during the two years of their married happiness. We are familiar with the legend of the mother-in-law who comes to pay an afternoon call and stays for a twelvemonth; but, apparently, the sister-in-law is even more unreasonable. Dorothy is not content to be merely a guest in Philip Bawtrey's home. The household moves round her and her irritating requirements. When someone is taking her to the theatre, for instance, she calmly advances the dinner hour from eight o'clock to half-past six. And when a taxi, after long and painful search, has been brought to the door for another visitor, Dorothy places it at the disposal of a gentleman friend, whom she sends out to buy a spray of flowers for her evening wear.

❀

IN normal circumstances one would be disposed to doubt the sanity of a young lady so completely oblivious to the comfort of those about her; but as the part is played by Miss Mary O'Farrell, it is difficult to criticise it unfavourably. Miss O'Farrell has what is, I believe, known as a winning way, which seems to justify the erratic sister-in-law's most capricious moods. A strange feature of the story is that Mrs. Bawtrey adores her sister so completely that she will not allow any criticisms of the girl's behaviour, even though the whole household is put to serious inconvenience in consequence. Mr. Bawtrey's sister Caroline is a lady with a superb gift for saying rude things in an icily polite manner; and I have learned, in the course of a varied experience of life, to attach a very high value indeed to the person who can say a rude thing at the right moment. Caroline does not hesitate to inform Dorothy, quite bluntly, that she has long outstayed her welcome; and that if her brother Philip had any sense at all he would pack her off home by the first available train.

❀

PHILIP, however, is far too weak a man to be able to assert his rights successfully. He begins very well by hunting up a train in the time-table and declaring that Dorothy must take that train without fail; but when Dorothy replies with an attack of crocodile tears he surrenders unconditionally, and weakly hopes that they may kiss and be friends, and let bygones be bygones. As there seems no way of getting Dorothy out of the house of her own accord, Philip is at last reduced to the expedient of trying to find a husband for her, and getting rid of her in that way. He hits upon an old friend, Lawrence Hill, who is not a very brainy person. Mr. Hill admits being a stockbroker, but palliates the offence by owning to the possession of a private income. From what we know of stockbroking in these days, he probably needs it. After Philip has enlarged on Dorothy's many charms, and has hinted at the existence of dangerous rivals, Mr. Hill decides to dispose of all competition by proposing to the girl at once. He goes at the business with a rush; so much so, in fact, that he has the temerity to kiss Dorothy before having satisfied her that his intentions are honourable. And these young men of the Stock Exchange have such picturesque reputations! Dorothy replies with a smart box on the ear; and Mr. Hill retires hurt from the contest. That shows how simple-minded he must be, because they tell me that ladies ask for nothing better than to be outfought on such interesting occasions. I speak, of course, only from hearsay, as it is not likely that I could have any experience of my own in such matters.

SQUABBLES ABOUT SISTERS-IN-LAW

❀

PHILIP'S scheme for getting rid of his sister-in-law having been thus nipped in the bud, he resorts to another expedient. He summons his wife and her sister to the drawing-room, and hides Mr. Hill behind a screen. His idea is to denounce Dorothy for her tiresome selfishness, and to pack her off home at once. In the midst of the ensuing flood of tears that is confidently expected, Hill will dash from his hiding-place and offer matrimony on the spot. To some extent this comes off as per programme, the only variant being that Mrs. Bawtrey, whose mental condition is probably not guaranteed by the management, decides that if her sister goes, she herself will go as well. Actually she does go. Three months later we find that she is the sister-in-law in Dorothy's husband's house, and an extremely weepy one at that. It all comes right in the end, of course; but it is a strange play. JINGLE

Family Relationships Freshly Treated

"The Sister-in-Law," Mr. Cyril Hallward's new play at Wyndham's Theatre, introduces a variant upon the mother-in-law theme by transferring the odium usually incurred by her to the sister-in-law, with amusing effect

BROKEN REGULATIONS

By C. MALCOLM HINCKS

MARGOT BAINE had no idea the writing of the letter could have made her feel so miserable. She supposed she must still love her husband—up to a point. Poor Dicky, it would be a nasty shock for him, but why had he ever introduced Lieut. Martinshaw to her?

"It's really his fault!" she said, and wiped her pretty brown eyes with a tiny square of lace as she read through the confession. It was a blunt, frank confession; Martinshaw loved her and she loved him. He was coming home, and she was not going to resist him any longer. They were going North together. She was sorry, but—there it was.

She took a pale-blue envelope and addressed it to Captain Baine, 10th Blankshire Regiment, B.E.F., France; then, enclosing the letter, she left the Sloane Street flat, and went out and posted it.

With a sigh, half of relief, half of regret, she turned from the pillar-box. A woman in a passing limousine bowed to her. How many women would bow to her in a few days' time? She laughed rather loudly and hysterically as she walked towards Knightsbridge. But, after all, what did it matter what people thought or said? Cecil Martinshaw was going to ruin his career for love of her. Poor old Dicky, it was a pity he had always taken his profession so seriously. He might——.

A newsboy went brushing past her at a run, a placard spread before him.

"Rotten luck!" ejaculated a man who had brought a paper, to his companion as they passed her. "She was one of our latest cruisers!"

Margot Baine felt a sudden chill strike her heart. She stopped another boy, who came running along and took a paper thrusting the first coin that came to her hand—a shilling—into his grimy paw.

Then stepping into a shop doorway she opened the paper.

BRITISH CRUISER SUNK

H.M.S. ATALOS MINED IN THE NORTH SEA

ONLY SEVEN SURVIVORS

The Secretary of the Admiralty regrets to announce that——

The blurred type danced before her eyes, black letters with a reddish-green fringe. The names of the seven stood out boldly, but there was not the name she longed to see.

She stood, white-faced, her hands clenched, a mist before her eyes, a feeling of sickness upon her. Through the mist she saw a postman pass, carrying a sack of letters. She was vaguely conscious of wondering if he carried her confession.

Then they carried her into the shop, which happened to be a chemist's.

. . . . . .

"It's again' the regulations to send matches, Mrs. Perkins. I see a bit in the paper about it only yesterday."

"Drat them regulations," snapped Mrs. Perkins, glancing up from the parcel she was packing to glare at her neighbour. "Every time Bill writes 'ome he asks me send 'im some decent matches. Says he can't abear them French stinkers, as he calls 'em. Regulations or not, I'm goin' to send 'im a couple of boxes. Fair sick of regulations, I am. Don't take too much notice of 'em, old dear, that's my motter. You wait while I do up this 'ere parcel, an' I'll stand you a drink at the Three Crowns. I know 'ow to wangle it there!"

In a sprawling hand she addressed the parcel to Pte. W. Perkins, 50631 No. 10 Coy., 10th Blankshire Regiment, B.E.F., France.

. . . . . .

Margot Baine lay listlessly upon the settee in the dainty little drawing-room of her flat. A week had passed since the death of Martinshaw had been officially confirmed, and she was getting over the shock. Her sorrow had been tinged with relief, vaguely she had compared her feelings with those she had experienced when a set of furs which she had coveted, but could not afford, had been bought by another woman before she could decide to plunge into debt.

But she had written that letter!

She got to her feet and paced up and down the room. Why did not Dicky write? Had the shock bowled him over? Several times she had thought of writing to explain, but had decided to await her husband's reply before doing so. Dick must have heard of Martinshaw's death, that might make him a little more forgiving, but there could never be any more happiness for her.

"If only I'd not written!" was her constant wail. She had not sinned, but she had confessed her intention to sin, and to a dull practical man like Dick the fact that only an accident had prevented it would not greatly mitigate the offence.

A maid entered with a tea-tray. On her plate was a letter, and a glance at the envelope set her heart leaping wildly. She restrained herself until the girl had left the room, then seized the envelope and tore it open.

She read the letter with wide, staring eyes, and as she read the colour rushed back to her cheeks. It was the usual sort of letter her husband wrote, a business-like, almost cold, letter. He had been wounded in the arm, and was coming home on leave. He was also recommended for the D.S.O.

"I've had a week in hospital," he concluded, "and just when I was longing for a line from you they brought me a charred envelope and some scraps of a letter which I couldn't make head or tail of, except that I gathered you were telling me of the fate of poor Martinshaw.

"It seems some confounded idiot disobeyed rules and sent some matches, which practically destroyed a mail bag. I hope they'll trace the culprit. I'd have no pity upon anyone deliberately breaking regulations."

Margot Baine poured herself out a cup of tea—and smiled ever so faintly.

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BELLICOSITIES

"THE Allies," grumbled a German officer to his captors the other day "used to attack us like a peal of bells; now you come like a chord." Later on, we may surprise his Supreme War Lord still more by coming *with* a cord.

❋

THE Emperor Francis Joseph assures his people that he "looks with perfect confidence to a future which is now gradually ripening." But the future which his battered armies see before them is not merely ripe already, but positively rotten.

❋

DR. FUCHS, chief physician to the Asylum for the Insane at Emmendigen, shrieks that "the whole nation must demand as one man eternal war!" Between a German mad-doctor and a mad German doctor there is, apparently, no distinction and no difference.

❋

"I MUST either thieve or fight, and I would rather thieve," protested a prisoner at a London police court the other day. The shining example of the German Crown Prince should have convinced him that it is quite possible to combine the two.

IN the opinion of a New York apostle of vegetarianism, there would have been no war if the rulers of Europe had not been meat-eaters. He may, however, console himself with the reflection that now, at any rate, the times are out of joint.

❋

TRAMWAY conductresses have spurned the proposal that they should have their hair cropped like the men's. Their desire is, they say, solely to replace their "called-up" predecessors for the time being—not to enter into a "cutting" competition with them.

❋

A FEW evenings ago a poster, bearing the inscription: "Hindenburg's New Job," was displayed all over London. The name of the patriarch, whose patience Hindenburg is about to try, was not given. We understand, however, that Jobs are getting scarce in the Central Empires, even the long-suffering Francis Joseph is said to be quite fed-up.

IT is reported that the effigy of the Kaiser at Madame Tussaud's is proving an irresistible temptation to youthful patriots, who insist upon smacking its face. Would it not be possible to utilise this instinct in a good cause? Flags have been worn a bit thin, but india-rubber Kaisers at a penny a smack would be an agreeable novelty.

❋

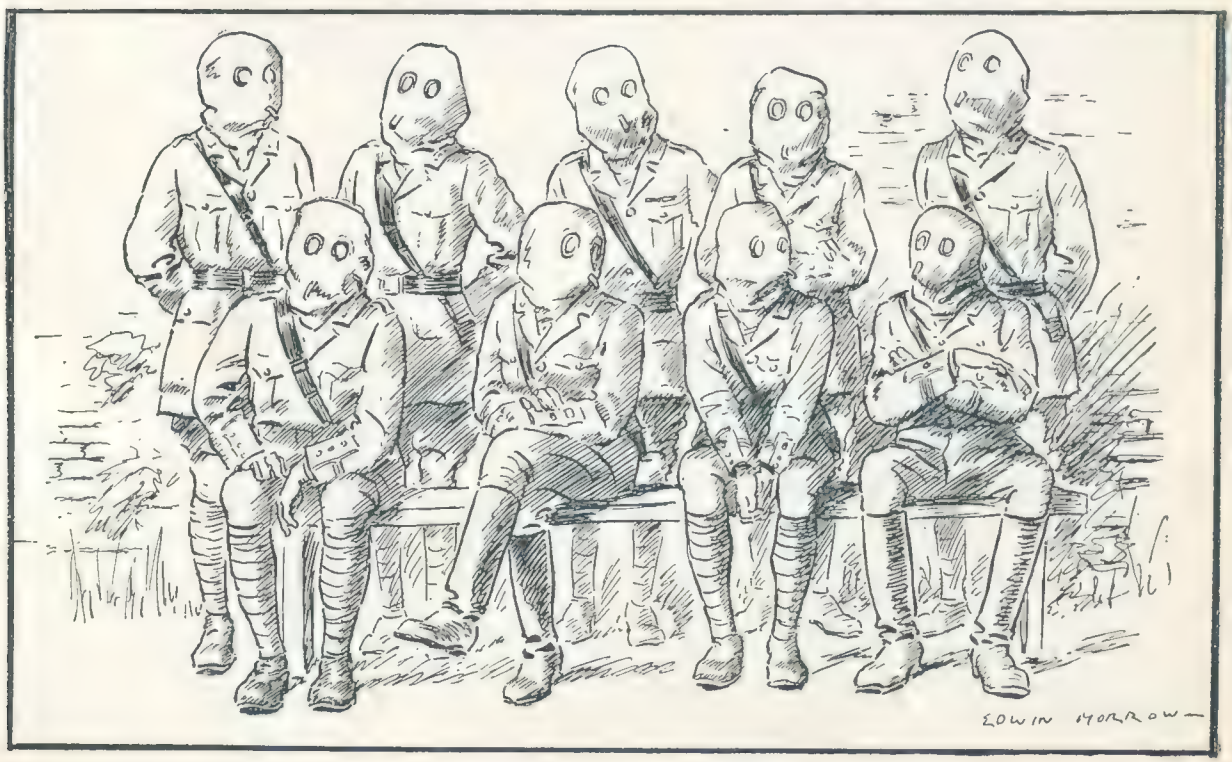
"LOOK Who's Here!" said the Kaiser. "We're all in it," said the Coburger. "Yes! Aren't we having a Razzle-Dazzle," murmured Francis Joseph, as he dug himself in. "Joy-land"! muttered the Turk.

❋

THE U C 5 is *not* to go on tour. London, once having got its U-lamb safely into the fold, isn't going to run any risk of losing it.

❋

WE understand that if, in spite of Sir Douglas Haig's expressed desire that no one should take a holiday this year, Cabinet Ministers go into the country, they only go for the purpose of—er—well—that is——. H'm, yes!



PASSED BY THE CENSOR

Officers of the —— Battn. —— Regt., who took part in a recent advance in ——. Reading from left to right (back row): Lieut. ——, Lieut. ——, Sec.-Lieut. ——, Lieut. ——, Sec.-Lieut. ——. Front Row: Capt. ——, Lieut.-Col. ——, Major ——, and Capt. ——

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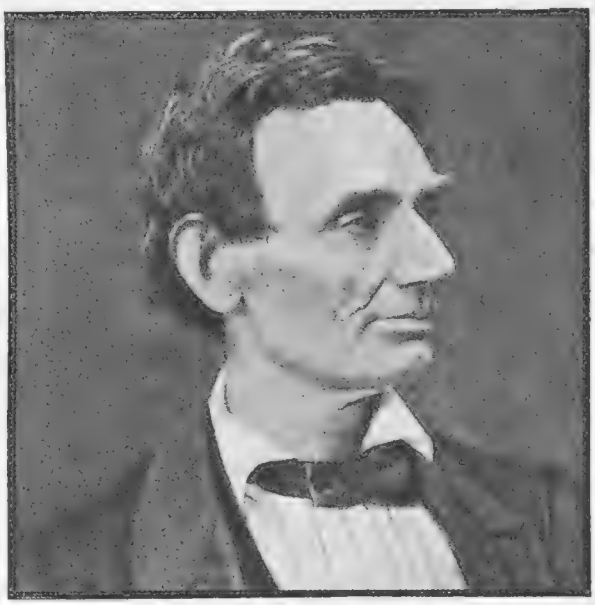
Lincoln and Asquith

COMPARISON SUGGESTED BY A NEW BIOGRAPHY

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN," BY LORD CHARNWOOD (CONSTABLE AND CO.)

THE American Civil War also lasted for three years. It, too, was an affair of innumerable hitches and hiatuses such as gave birth to the famous saying of the Governor of North Carolina to the Governor of South Carolina, "It's a d——d long time between drinks." It was marked by continued swappings of horses in mid-stream, and conflicts between the politicians and the military. It was conducted at first by volunteers, and at last by conscripts. Above all, it was like the present war because it was a war for a clearly defined principle rather than a quarrel over territories, conducted by a man, Abraham Lincoln, who bears many most striking resemblances to the leader of the present war—Herbert Asquith. The names will somehow get bracketed in history, and when the whole truth about Asquith is as well-known to Europe as the whole truth about Lincoln is to America, I am not at all sure that the name of Asquith will not be the greater, and I write as one of the maddest anti-Asquithites at present cursing.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

From a picture made soon after his election as President of the United States

(Reproduced, by kind permission of Messrs. Constable, from "Abraham Lincoln," by Lord Charnwood)

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, a biographical study of whom by Lord Charnwood is now published by Messrs. Constable, took to the Civil War with the same duck-to-water facility as Asquith did to the European War. Like Asquith, he went to war quite unmobilised with anything save a mint of phrases. Like Asquith, he watched complacently the failure of successive plans of campaign, and possessed an entirely Asquithian incapacity to anticipate disasters. He had all Asquith's pathetic trust for "the man at the piano," and was all the time too late in making the discovery that that individual was *not* doing his best. When one reads Lord Charnwood's account of the career of McClellan, the man with a big reputation who was brought in to "win the war" and who—didn't, how reminiscent it all seems of some of those whom Asquith had to deal with, save that whereas the muddles Lincoln had to deal with were the muddles of one muddler at a time, Asquith's are the collective muddles of a multitude of muddlers.

LINCOLN had to sit tight and smile through one failure after another, and at intervals to mouth out his stock phrase, about fighting to protect the freedom and unity of the American people, just as Asquith has to sit tight and to mouth out his phrase about the small States and Prussian militarism. Like Asquith, Lincoln had to come out and renew the pledge at moments when he had not a notion how on earth he was ever to fulfil it. If ever the Allies' chances of crushing the Germans have looked hopeless, the North's chances of crushing the South at times looked hopelesser and hopelesser, as Alice would say.

YET Lincoln pulled through. Sheer phlegmatic persistency did it. Not the "will to win" exactly. No more than Asquith was he a man of push and bite and clench. Lord Charnwood does not set to his credit a single word of real command, a single "dramatic" decision, though he uttered many a rounded aphorism of the Asquithian kind, but characterised with a greater individuality. He was deferential even in his dismissals. He moved his generals in and out of command with, it seems, the silkiest of gloves. No passionate reproaches, impeachments, degradations: always the gentle stroke of the shoulder.

LINCOLN, after a lot of halting and humming and ha-ing, introduced Conscription; so did Asquith. But the task of the former was child's play compared with that of the latter, the American democracy being, after all, as predisposed to shoulder arms as the British was the reverse. Again, it was to fight in his own country that Lincoln called his conscripts, whereas Asquith's were called to cross the seas. War, too, in the 'sixties was—war; not wholesale scientific butchery, as it is to-day, and the conditions of the soldier's life were those of a marching *man* not of a crawling, creeping toad, ferret, or stoat.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, after Washington, America's greatest man, let it be told to those who may not know it, was a lawyer, and he hadn't any *ginger*; yet he won for the Americans the war that made them the nation they are. I compared him with Asquith. May Heaven make the comparison absolute, and lead our leader to a victory as complete over Prussian militarism as was Lincoln's over secession and slavery.

IF Asquith wins as Lincoln won, history will regard his as the greater achievement of the two, owing to the enormously greater odds against success which faced the man of 1914. And I write this, as aforesaid, as the maddest anti-Asquithite that ever—hoped.

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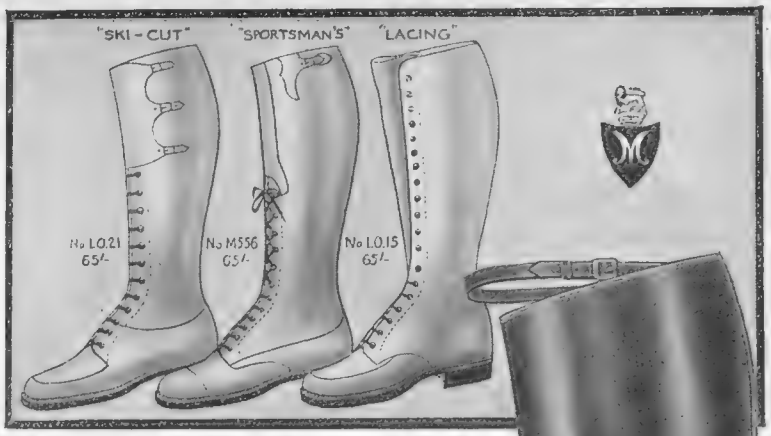
Also divulges a stage secret for benefit of over-fat readers, and explains how anyone can prepare the wonder-working oxygenated baths at a cost of about 5d. each.

During my other visits to New York I learned much that was interesting, but this last time I made the most wonderful discoveries of all. It was there, strange to say, that I first learned of a most wondrous bath compound which you originated here in England, and the best quality always comes from here. It is all the rage in New York, and of course easily obtained at small cost from your chemist. But why do so few, except physicians and specialists, know about it here? *C'est extraordinaire!* You merely ask for common Reudel Bath Saltrates, and always use just a little to soften your wash water, and never have your bath prepared without a small handful being dissolved in it. If you wish to keep your complexion you must not touch it with plain hard water. The lime ruins any skin in no time. The ordinary refined Reudel Bath Saltrates, which most chemists here keep put up in half-pound packets, will make medicated water just like at the famous continental spas, and the water is at once filled with oxygen, which you can feel acting on your skin. I find it, oh! so fragrant, refreshing, and—invigorating is the word, is it not? The skin becomes *tres lisse*, so clear and beautiful. When the feet are tired, aching or calloused, and a little swollen from walking, tennis or dancing, a saltrated foot bath quickly relieves these and even more painful foot troubles. I am telling you a secret of the theatrical profession. Also I have heard that if you are getting just a wee bit too fat, at least four times the usual quantity of these Reudel Saltrates in very hot baths will soon make you slim and dainty once more, but I know a small handful never has the slightest reducing effect. Many women lack the slim, dainty lines required by present styles in dress and footwear. This reducing hint is for them.

GABY DESLYS

Gaby Deslys

NOTE.—There has as yet been no rise in the price of the standard compound referred to above, but as in the case of all drugs during the War, a sharp advance is to be expected at any time.



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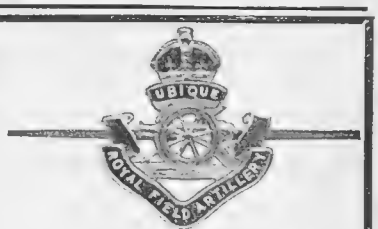

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AFTER-*the*-WAR NOVELS

WHAT WILL THEY BE LIKE?

A MERE glance at any of the most-talked-of novels written just before August, 1914, is enough to convince one that we have passed through an epoch. So changed are we, we cannot even remember what we felt like yesterday. The waters of Lethe roll between us and the ideas which once seemed dearer to us than our ancestors' bones, certainly than their beliefs. Those books have become worse than unfashionable; they have become unreal, unglorified by even the faint distant sweetness of our childhood's fairy tales. They are as nauseous to the senses as stale cigar smoke.

THE more serious writers of that time discussed profusely certain transitory sociological problems, and two subjects appealed most powerfully to literary sympathy, the wrongs of the poor, and the wrongs of women. But now that men in millions have been called upon to yield all material goods, and we have learnt to our cost that "life is more than meat," the futile cry of Lazarus for as sumptuous food as is on the rich man's table does not sound as pathetic as it once did. Each one has had one equal chance at least to prove himself a man by offering all that he has. Nor are the women likely soon to forget the graves in Flanders, and the passionate love between the sexes begotten in the fire of sacrifice. The novel of the future will probably concern itself rather with the objective than the subjective point of view. The public will refuse to listen to the piteous whine of the unhappy being begging expression for his individuality, whether it were worthy of expression or not.

THE chief trouble which struck that obsolete novelist was that so many persons failed to lead "full" lives. His puppets pleaded bitterly for a heaven on earth, for their "rights" (just, apparently, because they were born), to "feel" and to "know." They were greedy for sensations. The one unbearable tragedy was to die with virgin lips, without having experienced the emotions for which they craved. But since you cannot provide yourself with emotions by thinking you ought to have them, they approached no nearer reality than the young bank clerk who believed himself a brave man when he clasped his girl firmly round the waist on the mountain railway at the White City.

A GOOD riddance will be made of the unheroic hero who was so busy analysing his feelings that he forgot to feel them. He was an epicure in sensations, with whom love was a brain-storm generated by some female being as queer and uncomfortable as himself. Obsessed by sex, he was always running after women or running away from them. In literature, as in Society, the hardy perennial, the relations between men and women, will be taken more simply. In one story the hero is wildly excited by the acquirement of a room of his own. In another, his worst trouble is the irritating cough of a relative. We prefer the new male hero, not afraid of men or women or life or death, instead of a neurotic feminised being who mistook abnormal self-consciousness for genius.

NOR have we any further use for the novel which was a mere glorification of the commonplace, a triumph of observation of the petty details of petty people's lives. How A. drank a glass of cold water, with what gurgles and movements, and how many seconds were needed for the operation. The number of times B. sneezed when the maid upset the pepper.

THE romancists will enjoy golden chances at the coming of peace with endless brand new foundations for tales of mystery and adventure. The Irish Rebellion, the cruises of the *Emden*, the loss of the *Hampshire*, have furnished ready-made plots, and stories must already be seething in fertile brains. Then the poignant pathos of the calling-up of so many men from their peaceful homes in so many lands, the anguish of international marriages, the secret hardships and sufferings which may not be told yet, are sure to be chronicled later. The really great novels of the war will not be written until it is over. We do not know what form they will take, or who will write them, or when they will come. Zola's *Débâcle* appeared twenty years after the Franco-Prussian war, Thackeray's *Vanity Fair* still longer after Waterloo. The French Revolution supplied writers with material during a period too extended to guess at.

NO doubt the historical novel and the mystic novel will have a vogue, because a generation must pass at least before any tale of modern England can possess reality unless it touches on the one subject, and the human brain demands variety and diversion. That is why the classics are in favour now. Also novels which deal with the spiritual rather than the material point of view are always popular when fate rules men, not men fate.

TRUE stories of human nature as it has been through the centuries will still be written and read. We shall laugh over the comedy and weep over the tragedy of life, if we shall turn with disgust from distorted caricatures of either which seem as forced and affected as the anæmic fancies of some degenerate artist. The manners and inconsistencies of society will continue to be funny enough to supply future Jane Austens with delicious, if unholy, satire. But instead of exceptional and uncomfortable characters we shall demand stronger, more natural types in our fiction, which must again assume something of an epic grandeur if it is to be in keeping with our latest page of history.

MARY BOAZMAN

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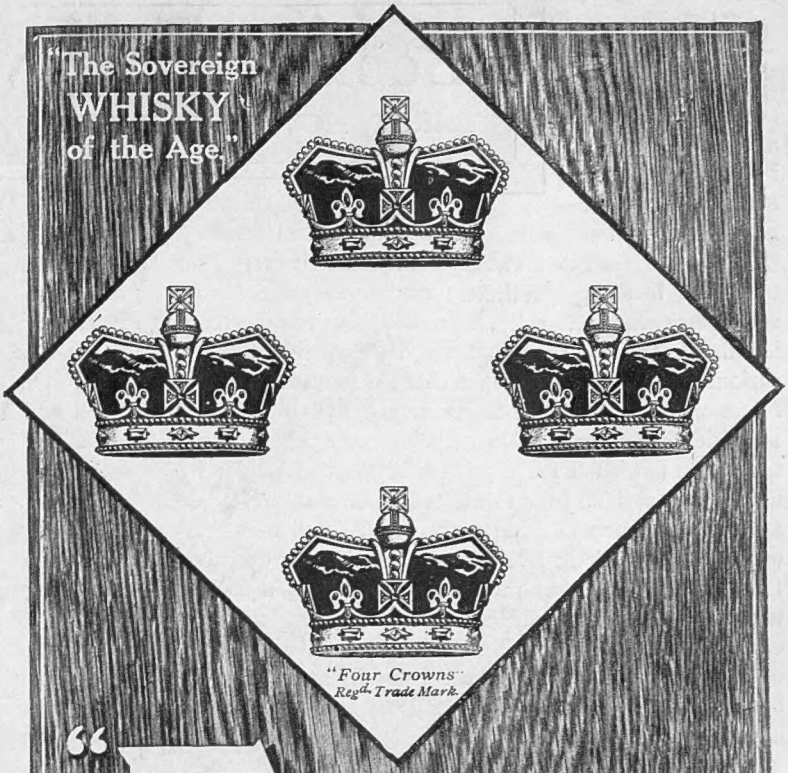

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Books of the Week

THREE NOVELS FOR THE HOLIDAYS

Some Light Reading

MR. AND MRS. WILLIAMSON are such old hands at the game that in any book of theirs you are prepared for the unexpected, even after several pawns have been moved in a strictly orthodox manner. In *The War Wedding* (Methuen: 2*s.* 6*d.* net) the hero who, somewhat naturally, is a baronet, is reported killed on the field. His body is even identified, curiously perhaps, by the fact that his fountain pen is found with it. But the fountain pen had been lent to a friend, the pen no doubt being more useful than the sword (which, I gather, is usually left in England nowadays), and Sir John comes to himself some months later in a German hospital at Brussels. And then, of course, he hears from a fellow-prisoner that his beautiful American wife has married again. And, equally according to convention, he escapes. So far, you see, everything is orthodox. But hereafter the story takes on a fresh turn. You may call it unduly sentimental, but it makes cheerful reading, and the last scene is as happy as it could possibly be.

"The Gates of Horn"

In Mr. G. Frederick Turner's *The Gates of Horn* (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*) various unusual things happen. There is an unselfish doctor who introduces an author-friend to his *fiancée* with the result which had been more or less prophesied by his uncle (and the reader). There is a nasty South-American gentleman, who kills an old Countess in an eerie, if rather unbelievable, way, and there is a French adventuress who finishes her days in a nunnery. The good people are rather too good, and the bad people are rather unpleasant even for bad people, and there is an air of unreality hanging over a number of the pages. On the other hand, Mr. Turner has a story to tell which makes light enough reading.

"A Mrs. Jones"

Mrs. C. S. Peel seems to have wondered to herself how anybody could possibly make a novel out of a plain Mrs. Jones, and then started off merrily enough to see how she could manage the job herself. *A Mrs. Jones* (Lane: 6*s.*) covers a large ground, and is a light-hearted tale of a girl with a small multitude of relations and a talent for journalistic business which stands her in good stead when the possibly too-angelic Mr. Jones who marries her loses the money that ought to have been his. Mrs. Peel sees things with a humorous eye, with the result that her novels depend for their success rather more upon their atmosphere than on the story they set out to tell. *A Mrs. Jones* is an entertaining piece of work, with touches of pathos. It may be read leisurely or at a sitting—just as you please. R. S.

"Flyers"

The "Rilette" paintings to the commission of H DENNIS BRADLEY, visualise the lighter side of a drab war. Reproductions in colour on art paper will be forwarded free to officers in H.M. Forces upon application.

POPE & BRADLEY
Civil, Military & Naval Tailors

A NOTE TO CADETS

BY H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

I WISH to emphasise strongly to cadets and newly gazetted officers the utter futility of equipping themselves with any but the finest quality khaki that money can buy.

The fatal tendency to endeavour to save a few pounds in the purchase of kit is a most disastrous economy, and has been encouraged by innumerable London and Provincial firms who have no status whatever as military tailors. Second grade kit is absolutely useless; not only is the appearance as a rule execrable in style, but the materials and workmanship are totally unfitted to stand the excessive wear and tear of active service.

The House of Pope and Bradley holds the first reputation in London to-day, and regards this reputation at stake over every military garment produced during the War.

The prices charged represent the minimum at which uniforms of the best quality can be obtained, and are reasonable because the House is one of the largest buyers.

The following kit incorporates at our lowest prices every essential for an officer on joining his regiment:

The House specialises in uniforms for the Royal Flying Corps.

2 Tunics at £3 13 6	£7	7	0	Tie		2	6
Slacks	1	10	0	Marching Boots ...	2	2	0
Infantry Breeches...	1	10	0	Puttees		7	6
British Warm ...	3	15	0	Haversack		10	6
Buttons and Badges	1	8	0	Water Bottle... ...		12	6
Sam Browne Belt ...	2	12	6	Whistle and Lanyard		4	6
Cap and Badge ...	1	1	0	Cane		4	6
4 Shirts	2	2	0				
6 Collars		9	0		£25	18	6

New Naval and Military Kit List of every Service requirement, will be forwarded upon application.

TWO ESTABLISHMENTS ONLY

14 OLD BOND STREET, W. &
11-13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW, W.C

Artificial Silk Coats

for Town, Country or Seaside wear

YOU will find the best Jersey-Coat Values in London at Peter Robinson's and—the smartest styles; here is one of them:—

Artificial Silk Jersey-Coat (as sketch), exclusive design. Available in all the season's colourings 52/6

Peter Robinson's

OXFORD STREET·W

Peter Robinson, Ltd.

Summer Comfort.

If you have had trouble or discomfort with the ordinary "stodgy" flannel or chilly linen in past seasons, the unique comfort embodied in

"Viyella"

(Regd. Trade Mark).

Shirts and Pyjamas

will be all the more welcome to you. Their delightful softness, lightness, and non-irritancy render them ideal for summer wear, besides which they are healthful and always look exceedingly well; whilst from the point of view of serviceability they are extremely durable and will never shrink.

"We got them at the same time why didn't I buy 'Viyella'?"

ASK YOUR OUTFITTER TO SHOW YOU PATTERNS IN LIGHT-WEIGHT "Viyella."

The manufacturers will be pleased to forward name and address of establishment nearest or otherwise suitable to you upon request, together with samples of the material and interesting booklet, "A Material Consideration."

Wm. Hollins & Co., Ltd. (Trade only), 3a, Viyella House, Newgate St., London, E.C

Are you a *Practical* patriot, or merely a word-of-mouth one? Do you sport a Union Jack in your coat and American Tyres on your car?

If you are a patriotic Briton—then remember that your country needs every penny that can be spared, to win the war, and especially needs the millions in gold that go out of the Empire every year in the purchase of American Tyres.

Be British—buy British Tyres. Be "Tyre-wise" and buy CLINCHERS—the Best of the British.

CLINCHER

THE FIRST DETACHABLE PNEUMATIC TYRE

ALL PLANTATION RUBBER

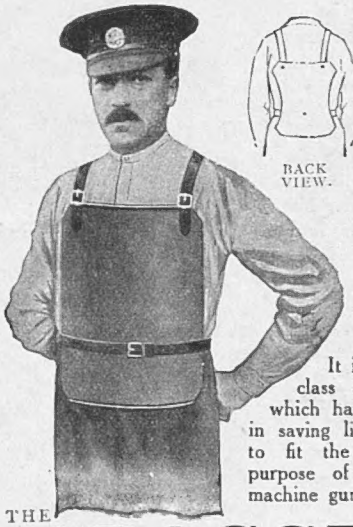
MOTOR TYRES.

For Commercial Vehicles fit North British Clincher Solid Rubber Band Tyres.

THE NORTH BRITISH RUBBER CO., LTD., 169, Great Portland Street, LONDON, W.

Factories: Castle Mills, EDINBURGH.

Minimise the Risk



BACK VIEW.

Many of the casualties caused by shrapnel, spent bullets, splinters, and bayonets could be prevented by wearing the 'Crossman Body Shield.'

It is made from the same class steel as the helmets which have proved so valuable in saving life. It is constructed to fit the body and for the purpose of deflecting rifle and machine gun fire.

THE

'CROSSMAN'

(Hunt's Patent)

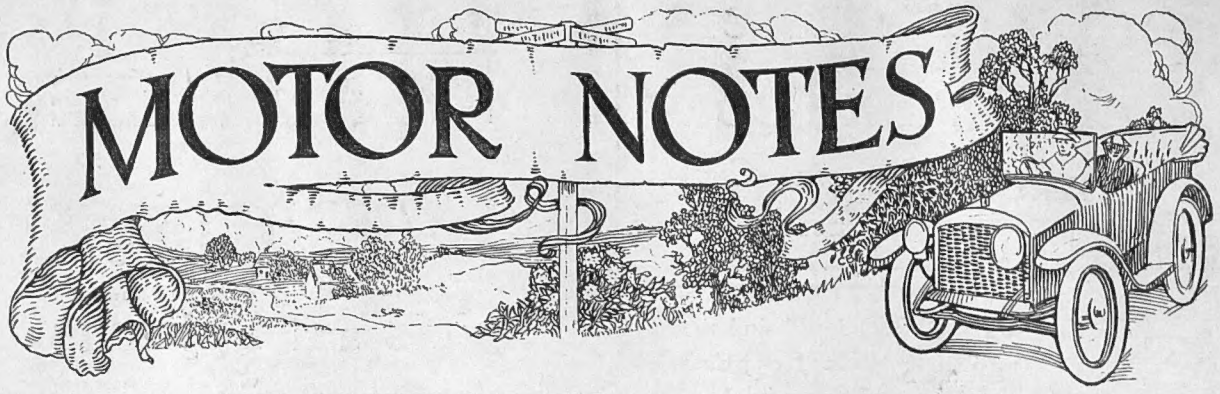
BODY SHIELD

Adjustable, weight almost imperceptible, no restriction or discomfort to wearer. The top and bottom edges are constructed with a slightly outward curve to prevent bayonet thrusts from glancing off the shield either up or down. Covered khaki twill.

42/- *Packed Free and Carriage Paid to any address at Home or Abroad.*

TYLER & TYLER, Military Tailors, **LEICESTER.**

Agents can be appointed.



THE COMMERCIAL CAR. By ALEX. J. M. GRAY

The Commercial Car—

"THE motoring subject of the week?" replied the magnate. "That's an easy one. It is, 'Shall commercial cars be handled by agents or sold by the manufacturer direct to the public?'"

"But," I said, "that subject is as old as commercial cars."

"It is," he replied. "But it will remain the subject of the week until it is settled. It's an important subject for the public. Let's discuss it."

Wherefore we discussed until I went to sleep; because the pros and cons of this burning question are all so obvious. Yet the fire is consuming a large section of the motor trade mind. Should commercial motor-cars be sold direct or through the agent?

* * *

—And Its Distribution

CLEARLY, directly the car of commerce is in sufficient demand, it will have to be sold through an agent, or its public equivalent, a local branch of the manufacturer's organisation. The latter method has, by common agreement, been turned down in connection with private car business. The agency arrangement is accepted as the better means of distribution. For exactly the same reasons it will be accepted as the means of distribution of the commercial car.

* * *

A Matter of Service

THERE is no essential difference between a private and a commercial car so far as distribution is concerned. The same service is required by the owner of both. The fact that in the past the commercial car has been handled in a slipshod way by the agent to the disgust of the manufacturer, merely means that, comparatively, the commercial car business was not important enough for the agent to worry about—at any rate, the agent thought so. Which only proves how little the agent appreciated the possibilities.

* * *

The War-Made Market

THE war has done more to establish the commercial car in common usage than all the past years of advertising. The war made a market. The market will remain after the war. Provided the vehicle can be made to meet the needs of the market there is no limit to the potentialities of the business. That means a distribution organisation and a service organisation. If the manufacturer decides he can provide everything necessary without worrying about an agent, he will do so. But it is hardly likely, having regard to the experience in connection with the private vehicle of the past.

* * *

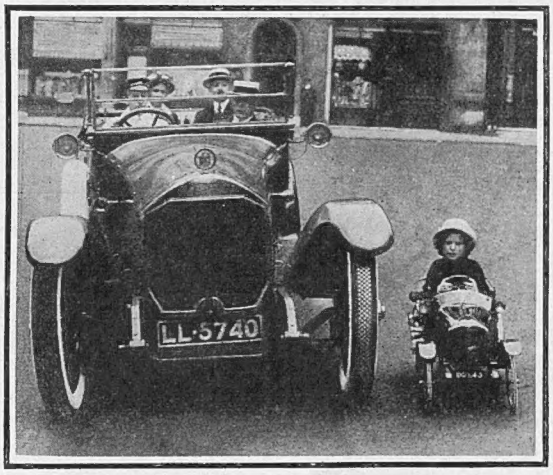
To the Best the Business

THERE is no reason why the existing distributing organisation cannot be expanded to cover all commercial car requirements. There is nothing peculiar about a commercial car or its repairs and spares. At any rate, the ultimate user does not care whether he gets his service from an exclusive commercial car agency or a mixed car agency, or direct from a local depôt of the manufacturer, so long as he *does* get it. Other things being equal, the manufacturer that provides the best public facilities of sale and service will get the business.

* * *

'Armony

I LEARN that all the motoring associations, trade as well as public, have at last come together in a conjoint effort to make suitable representations to the Petrol Committee. That's all right. I hope something will come of it; but I cannot quite see what. Any useful suggestions they can make will be — useful; but as the whole procedure of the Petrol Committee is based upon direct individual representation; and as the Petrol Committee is only concerned with distribution and not with supply; and as it has only so much petrol to hand out; it can only vary its present method of allocation by depriving Peter to satisfy Paul. Whether a congregation of growling Peters is any better than a host of disgruntled Pauls I do not know. Neither do I know whether it is possible to reconcile the interests of the members of the trade and public organisations included in this conjoint deputation to the Petrol Committee. I can only hope it is; just as I can only hope (hope being one of the few cheap indulgences left to us) that the organisations represented are sufficiently well aware of the requirements of their individual members adequately to interpret them.



THE SPIRIT OF EMULATION

This is inserted just to show there is another spirit in the motoring world beside petrol. Master Browning is the expression of that other spirit, his ex ellent little model being a miniature of the noble 30-35 h.p. Napier alongside. If the boy is father to the man, here is another customer for the Napier Company of ten and fifteen years hence

C.A.V. ACCUMULATORS are the result of 24 years' solid experience and are guaranteed to be the soundest procurable. An accumulator for every purpose and every climate.—Particulars from C. A. VANDERVELL & Co., Ltd., Acton, W.

The most severe test for a carburetter is on an aeroplane under war conditions. CLAUDEL HOBSON CARBURETTERS are undergoing this test with credit. — H. M. HOBSON, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.

No need to hope for the best. Fit WARLAND (quick-tyre-change) RIMS and ensure it.

WARLAND DUAL RIM CO., Ltd., Aston, Birmingham; 111, Great Portland Street, London.